Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - MISSOURI

FITZHUGH LEE AS A FIGHTER.

How He Used a Virginia Back-Heel Trip in a Deadly Combat.

One of the best stories heard in the hotel corridors for a long time was told by Capt. Jack Hayes, the Indian fighter and friend of Bill Cody, to a Star representative. Capt. Hayes is from Cleveland, O. He is the bosom and lifelong friend of Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, and in the parade he occupied the honorary position of chief of Gov. Lee's staff.

"It was in the winter of 1860, at Camp Colorado, Tex.," said Capt. Hayes. "Our scouts reported a body of Indians that had massacred settlers and driven off their stock. Gen. Van Dorn—then major—was in command. Gov. Lee was a lieutenant and I was a bugler. It was night and snowing hard. We started after them, made eighteen miles that night, fifty the next day and camped. It happened that the Indians we were pursuing had camped but three miles ahead of us. As I said, it was cold and the Indians had their blankets over their heads, so they did not hear us, as the next day we came upon them suddenly, and they would not have discovered us until we would have been right on top of them had not one of our men accidentally discharged his revolver. We charged. The Indians scattered. There was a ridge of timber a few miles away. Two of the braves made for the timber. Gen. Lee and I pursued them. We killed one. We pursued the other fellow through the timber for several miles, his trail being visible in the snow. When we reached the open plain he had disappeared. We knew that he was hiding in one of the gulches. In a few moments we discovered his pony. Turning, we saw him on the other side of an undulation in the prairie. As he reached the top of the divide he waved his shield and yelled defiance at us. We put after him, but could not find him in the ledges of rock. Lee then proposed that we separate, which we did.

"It seems that the Indian was about thirty feet from Gen. Lee at the time, hiding behind the ledge of rocks. As Lee came up he fired at him. Lee saw him in time to dodge, and the arrow went through his arm, breaking off. The Indian was a chief—a big, tall, powerful, muscular fellow, over six feet in height. Gen. Lee was then a small man, but he is the bravest and pluckiest man in the city to-day. In a moment more they were locked in each other's arms in a death struggle. The general was carrying his revolver in his right hand. The Indian grasped the barrel and the weapon was discharged, but he was not hit. The pistol dropped to the ground. Lee knew that his only salvation was to hug the Indian, for the latter had his knife in his hand, and as they swayed to and fro packing the snow beneath their feet he was unable to plunge his knife in his adversary's body. I started to his rescue, but did not dare to shoot as I advanced, as they were twisting and writhing so that I was afraid of killing my comrade. In another minute they were on the ground and Leee on top. As luck had it, they fell near the revolver. In the second of time allowed Lee seized the pistol and discharged it, the ball going through the cheeks and mouth of the savage without even knocking out a tooth, for his mouth was open in a yell. In another second, however, the next ball crashed in his brain. As the general disengaged himself from the tight embrace of the savage and rose to his feet he shook himself and felt of his body to see whether he was wounded, for the knife had cut his coat. I was fearful lest he had been injured, and asked him how he felt. He replied: 'Oh, I am all right—just getting my muscle up,' raising his arm as if he were tightening the bicep. 'When I went to college,' he continued, 'I used to be very fond of wrestling, and it came in very good service to-day. At the last moment I thought of the "Virginia back-heel" trip and down the redskin went.'"—Washington Star.

VANITY OF THE SAVAGE.

How African Men and Women "Do Up" Their Hair and Beards.

During the hot hours of midday, when all actual labor is suspended in the village, the natives, urged by vanity and national pride, devote a great deal of time to the arrangement of their odd but elaborate toilets. Hairdressing is one of the principal obligations, and constitutes one of the numerous domestic duties allotted to the "fair" sex. A reed mat spread out in some shady corner the woman sits down, and the man upon whom the operation is to be performed reclines at full length, resting his head in her lap. She begins at once to unplait his hair, and soon has it all raveled, and then, with a coarse wooden instrument resembling the head of a child's toy rake, she combs it thoroughly until it is clear of all entanglements, and stands out all over the head in a thick, bushy mass six or seven inches deep. It is now generously greased with oil from the palm nut. The woman then parts it off into sections, and very soon the coarse bunch of hair, cleverly manipulated by her nimble fingers, is woven down closely to the head. They display a good deal of ingenuity in forming a variety of designs. Sometimes a series of little plaited strands, like rat tails, hang in a fringe all around the head. Often solid plaits of hair about the size of a goat's horn are made to stand out from the head in different styles. Two of these will appear sprouting from the top of the head, or one will drop over the forehead and lie along the nose. A very popular fashion is to have a roll of hair along each side of the head, ending in two solid plaits, which curl over each cheek like sheep's horn.

The plaiting operation is also extended to the man's beard. The mustache is removed, and so are the eyebrows, with a razor, which is a small cheese-cutter blade with a long, slender handle. This is used somewhat as we hold a pen, and the stubby hair is really chiseled off the face, no small amount of it being dragged out by the roots. Tribal custom compels its removal, and the African is so insensible to pain that the means employed do not inconvenience him in the least. Often when undergoing this treatment he falls asleep and never betrays any discomfort.—Harper's Magazine.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Wonder if one of these self-same peculiarities is an interesting habit of listening at the doors?" he mused. "One would fancy so from the cautious way she lowers her voice. By Jove! I wish I were well out of this! What will come next, in the way of startling developments?"

"You know," Mrs. Maynard continued, in the same sweet, guarded tone, breaking in upon North's meditations, "how persistently he has opposed me all through this affair. He has a perfectly unreasonable horror of litigation, as well as a strong desire to thwart and annoy me, and he tried in every way to prevent me from urging my claim in the first place. Of course, I am not in the habit of allowing myself to be guided by Maj. Maynard's advice in matters of any personal interest or importance; still, harmony in the household is something that one is willing to purchase at almost any cost, and in this case, really, Mr. North, if it had not been for your professional advice, and your resolutely taking affairs into your own hands and assuming the whole legal responsibility for me, I have no doubt that I should have yielded to his prejudices and allowed my interests to be sacrificed, just to preserve the peace!"

She sighed faintly as she spoke, leaning back in her chair with her eyes downcast.

North's countenance wore a disturbed expression during the interval of silence that ensued.

"This looks alarmingly like the domestic skeleton!" he thought, almost shrugging his shoulders in his dismay. "With what charming naivete she alludes to her differences with the major! If I could have foreseen that I should have to play the role of sympathizing friend in a cast in which a tyrannical husband and a beautiful injured wife were the other leading characters, I should scarcely have had the temerity to come here at all. With what a matter-of-course air she refers to this delicate subject, as if she had frequently discussed it with me. I don't understand it. A lady might possibly make her spiritual adviser the confidant of such troubles, but does she also pour them into the sympathetic ear of her lawyer? If such be the general custom, then the fates preserve me from becoming that most unhappy of all luckless mortals, some fair lady's confidential legal adviser!"

At this point in his reflections the door-bell rang, and a gay murmur of ladies' voices was heard in the hall.

Mrs. Maynard started up with a little gesture of annoyance, and North, perceiving his opportunity, rose at once to take leave of her.

"I fear that I am encroaching on your time, Mrs. Maynard," he said. "I had no idea that I was staying so long." Alas for North's veracity! He had never before endured a period of time that seemed so interminable.

"It is really provoking, Mr. North," said Mrs. Maynard, "after you have taken the trouble to call at this hour, that we should have so little time to talk."

"Oh, it was no trouble at all, Mrs. Maynard," protested North with an air of light gallantry, "I esteem it a great honor and privilege to see you even for this brief time."

He imagined that this flippant speech would be accepted with the same lightness with which it was uttered. In-

"AH, MRS. HUNTINGDON."

stead of this he perceived that as he spoke a shadow of displeasure clouded Mrs. Maynard's face and something like disdain curved the proud lips. Only for an instant; she recovered herself quickly and rejoined with a gay little laugh:

"Ah, you wretched flatterer! How often have you made that pretty speech? Good-by! No, wait! I had almost forgotten; I have found that missing letter of which I told you once. You know you urged me yesterday to renew my search for it, as it might prove to be of some value as evidence. Don't stop to read it now, but examine it at your leisure and then tell me the result of your deliberations. Ah, Mrs. Huntingdon—pray excuse me, Mr. North!—I am so delighted to see you! No, the library, dear; this way, please."

And Mrs. Maynard had vanished, leaving North standing at the drawing-room door with the letter that she had given him still in his hand. He was looking at it with almost as much dismay as if it had been a package of dynamite. Finally, in a mechanical way, as if he were acting more from the pressure of circumstances than from any clear purpose in his own mind, he put the envelope into his pocket and made his escape somewhat precipitately from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Brutus—Oh that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come,
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.
—Julius Cæsar.

Absorbed in his mental review of this call on Mrs. Maynard, Allan North, instead of retracing his steps over the route by which he had come, turned aimlessly into an intersecting business street; and by the time he awakened to this fact he was a long distance from Delaplaine street or any other locality with which he was in the slightest degree familiar.

"Well, where am I?" he asked himself, as he paused irresolutely on a corner and looked about him in every direction. "I have not the slightest idea how I am to find my hotel. I never was more completely lost in my life. It was very stupid in me to wander away from Delaplaine street; but if my confused recollection of the past few moments is at all correct, I have been turning corners with a reckless persistency that deprives me of all hope of ever finding my way back to that aristocratic thoroughfare. As I cannot stand here all night, I really see no alternative but to keep moving."

He started on slowly, and his mind wandered back to his interrupted train of meditations.

"She quite interests me," he mused, perhaps for the fiftieth time, while his brows contracted with a puzzled frown. "Maynard—Mrs. Maynard; why is it that the name seems so familiar to me? It has been half suggesting something to me ever since I read her note. It appears that she has become entangled in a lawsuit. I wonder what is nature of the difficulty? It furthermore appears that the major (Query: Who is the major?) is inclined to make trouble, and the lady and her lawyer are consequently obliged to circumvent the old fellow. Rather interesting situation—for the lawyer! She's quite young, and very beautiful. I wonder if she is likewise in love with me? It looks tremendously like it. Pshaw! Of course I mean with the other follow. By the way, I ought to be hunting up Dennis O'Reilly. As a matter of fact, that is what I am here for. I wonder if his name is in the directory? Just like a blundering idiot to forget to give his address! Now, suppose I step into this drug store—there's an accommodating-looking man in the door—and glance over their directory. And then if it should so chance that the man doesn't know me, though that is almost too much to expect, I can venture to inquire the way to the Clement house, without exposing myself to disagreeable insinuations and ridicule."

Accordingly he stepped up to the drug store and lifting his hat to the man who was lounging on the steps, he ventured the observation that "it was a fine day."

"Very fine," assented the man addressed, with amiable brevity, as he gave North a glance that plainly said: "I've seen you before, but who in the world are you, anyway?" Then moving a little aside to enable North to enter the store, he relapsed into his own silent meditations as he idly watched the passers-by.

Lounging amid the colored lights in the great front window was a discontented looking youth whose utter idleness and general appearance of ennui appealed to North's sympathy at once. The depressed and languishing state of business was painfully apparent in the solitude and leisure that pervaded the place.

North smiled affably at the youth as he turned to the counter. What magical influence there is in a smile! Hope, expectation, renewed faith in his fellowmen, even a faint interest in life became apparent in that sad youth's countenance, only to be succeeded by a melancholy far surpassing his original gloom, when North inquired for a directory.

Indicating by a silent gesture the dingy old volume that was chained to the counter in full view, the youth returned with a sad reproachful air to his post of observation in the window and vouchsafed no further notice of the man whose interest soared no higher than the pages of the local directory.

Turning the leaves rapidly until he came to the right initial, North commenced to scan the pages carefully in the hope of discovering the name and local habitation of Dennis O'Reilly. He found the family well represented. There was Jem and Bridget and Patrick and Ann and Terrence and John; but nowhere Dennis. Over and over again he read the names, but to no purpose; for, lacking the ingenuity of the Irishman who unlawfully appropriated an army blanket and then proved property to his own satisfaction, at least, by the fact that his initials were on it—U for Patrick and S for O'Rafferty—he could not make John or Bridget or any of the other names read Dennis, and he finally gave up the attempt in despair.

As he was turning back listlessly, the name "Maynard" caught his eye. There it was—"Maj. Charles Maynard, No. 33 Delaplaine street."

"Her husband," reflected North, with a vague feeling of having satisfactorily settled one point. "I suspected so from the way she referred to him. A crotchety old fellow who has to be humored. I wonder if he makes her very unhappy? And if—" The thread of his reflections was suddenly broken. His glance had wandered from the open book to a newspaper on the counter, and this, among other professional cards displayed in the advertising columns, had arrested his attention: "North & Wescott, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Offices 3 and 5 Market Square."

"'North & Wescott'—a partner, by Jove!" was the first comment that flashed through his mind; "'3 and 5 Market square;' if I ever can find the place, I think I must call at my office and see how things look there. North—North—h'm! Not in the directory," he added after a hasty search for the name. "But then, it's an old edition, and probably doesn't contain the names of one-half the present population. And now, about this O'Reilly; it's perfectly evident that he isn't here either. How shall I go to work to find him? Perhaps this boy can tell me something about him. At least I can inquire."

And closing the book, North began jocosely:

"Young man, what sort of a directory do you call this, anyway?"

The youth just turned his head toward North on being thus suddenly and familiarly addressed.

"Good enough," was his laconic response, given with an intonation that strongly suggested the additional words: "For you!"

"Oh," rejoined North, "I am perfectly willing to concede that it is good enough so far as it goes; but inasmuch as it fails to give the precise information that I am seeking, it is worth nothing at all to me. I am in search of one Dennis O'Reilly, who professes to be a resident of this city. Can you give me any information concerning him?"

"Dennis O'Reilly?" said the boy with a blank look, as he thrust his elbows on the shelf directly behind him and slowly turned himself around until he was facing North. "Dennis O'Reilly?" he repeated in the strongly disparaging tone by which people frequently attempt to justify the ignorance that they are compelled to confess. "Never heard of him before!"

"Ah, not a very prominent citizen, then? I fear I shall have great difficulty in finding him. Who would be likely to know something about him? Can you suggest anyone at all?"

The boy shook his head as if giving it up at the outset, but nevertheless reflecting seriously for a moment. Glancing idly into the street, he saw a gentleman standing on the opposite corner. Instantly the youth's countenance lightened up with that peculiar illumination which is the unmistakable indication of a new idea.

"There's Mr. Wymer, over there on the corner," he said, with a nod toward the gentleman. "Ask him. He's a ward politician, and he knows all such people. He's better'n a dr'ect'y, Mr. Wymer is. If anyone can tell you, he can."

Such an opportunity was not to be lost. With thanks for the suggestion North left the store and hurried across the street.

A gentleman, richly dressed in black broadcloth, with a glossy silk hat and a dazzling gold watch chain, was leaning

A GENTLEMAN RICHLY DRESSED.

against the corner lamp post, gazing about him with an air of supreme satisfaction. It required only a practiced glance to discover the cause of this complacency.

"A ward politician! He looks like it," thought North; then lifting his hat he addressed the gentleman:

"Mr. Wymer, I believe?"

"Blessed if tain't!" was the graceful response, as Mr. Wymer turned his smiling gaze upon North without changing his attitude in the least. "Jack Wymer, Esq., workin'man's friend; here's er ticket for you, gentlemen. Pratt for may'r, Brown for treasurer, Wymer, Jack Wymer—hooray! that's me—for city 'torney! What's matter with Wymer!"

"Ah, indeed!" rejoined North, with an air of interest. "City attorney? So you aspire to that office? Do you think you'll get it?"

"Get it? D'ye mean to shay I won't get it? Come on, now, and back it up if you dare!" cried Mr. Wymer, suddenly assuming a pugilistic attitude; then, as this brief paroxysm of resentment passed off and his overpowering good-humor returned, he subsided into his former attitude of repose and inquired, stupidly but amiably: "Get what?"

North did not wish to pursue the subject, so he merely responded in an equally stupid and amiable way: "Ah! yes, very true, Mr. Wymer," which the latter, in his sadly befogged state of mind, looked upon as not only a very elegant, comprehensive and satisfactory, but likewise a genial and friendly style of rejoinder, and peace was immediately reestablished.

"It is useless to ask him any questions," thought North, despairingly. "If Dennis O'Reilly were his own brother he would scarcely know it in his present condition, so I might as well pass on. It is a fortunate thing that he doesn't know me!"

With this self-congratulation he had turned away when he was electrified by hearing his name pronounced by Mr. Wymer in tones loud enough to attract general attention.

"North! I shay, North, hold on! Lemme speak to you—tic'lar bishnush!"

North paused irresolutely and looked back at Wymer; then, deciding to pay no attention to the man, he turned away again and started down the street at a slightly accelerated pace.

Instantly Mr. Wymer, without stirring from his careless, lounging attitude, raised his voice higher and called more vociferously:

"I shay! Hooray there, North, d'ye hear? Lemme speak t' you just minute—tic'lar bishnush, North, d'ye hear?"

North heard, and so did everyone else. Gentlemen in the surrounding business places lounged up to the doors and windows and looked smilingly out; passers-by turned their heads curiously to see what was going on; small boys walked backward very nearly off the curb-stone in their anxiety to witness the finale; and, to add to North's discomfiture, everyone whose eye he met as he retraced his steps nodded in a familiar, friendly way.

Wymer watched his return with a smile of stupid satisfaction.

"Now, Wymer," said North, as he stepped up close to his tormentor, "let me warn you not to waste any words. If you have anything to say to me say it at once, in the shortest possible time. Do you hear?"

"North, are you my friend?" inquired Mr. Wymer, in reproachful tones, as he regarded North with blinking eyes.

"Now, see here, Wymer," he said, "I'm perfectly willing to use all my influence to elect you city attorney, and doesn't that prove that I'm your friend?"

As he spoke a shout of laughter arose from every side. He could not imagine what it was that gave such point to his remarks, but he saw that it was at once perceived and appreciated.

Wymer apparently did not heed the laughter; he noticed only North, to whom he immediately addressed the imperious inquiry:

"Why did you run, then, if you're friend er mine?"

"I'm not running!" returned North amazed.

"You are," said Mr. Wymer, with the ready and fearless spirit of contradiction that a heated political campaign usually develops. "What have they got you on their dude ticket for, if you ain't runnin'? I tell you, North, your party's a played-out set er thieves an' scoundrels, an' you're 'nother, an' you'll never be 'lected city 'torney while er worl' stands! D'ye hear?" And, starting up energetically, Mr. Wymer emphasized these statements with some violent gestures, bringing his clenched fists into an altogether disagreeable proximity to North's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PITH AND POINT.

—Old Salt (sadly)—"Whaling ain't what it used to be." Johnnie—"Well, you ain't sorry, are you?"

—His Trade.—Judge—"What's your occupation?" Prisoner—"Preoccupation, your honor; I'm out of a job."—Puck.

—Charlie—"Why did they bury poor Gilder at night?" Archie—"He had no decent clothes but a dress suit."—Clothier's Weekly.

—She—"Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth." He—"I didn't take her to be as old as that."—Kate Field's Washington.

—She—"Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once?" He—"Yes; fifty at once, if they were all like you."—N. Y. Press.

—How Those Girls Love One Another.—Ethel—"I have formed the habit of singing at my work." Maud—"How you must hate it!"—Truth.

—Cobble—"How on earth did those trousers get twisted around your legs so?" Stone—"I have been in Boston and tried to find my way around the streets."—Life.

—Mr. Sofety—"I don't see how talking a few minutes to me can give you heart trouble." Dorothy—"Well, the doctor said I must not do anything that would make me tired."—Inter-Ocean.

—Other Professionals Ahead of Them.—First Burglar—"What, back so soon, Bill!—what did you get?" Second Burglar—"Nothin'—we're too late—there's a receipted plumber's bill a-layin' on the table!"—Puck.

—Use for the Typewriter.—"You find the typewriter useful in your business?" "I should say so. When a bore comes in I give the operator a tip, and the machine makes so much noise he can't hear himself think."—Washington Star.

—His Experience.—"What experience have you had in journalism?" said the metropolitan editor to the applicant for a situation. "Well, sir," was the reply, "I was once the 'handsomest school-teacher editor' in a voting contest on the Squedunk Bugle."—Judge.

—Fond Mother—"Here's something about a baby whose head measures twenty-five inches in circumference. Is there any danger of our darling being so deformed?" Skeptical Father—"No dear; not unless the kid could understand and believe all the things you say to him."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Opposed to Annexation. — The tramp had applied at the back door for something to eat. "Here's a sandwich," said the lady tendering him one of those juicy edibles. "I beg your pardon, lady," he replied, as he turned away, "but I must refuse your offer. I am opposed to annexation in any form. If you have a spare pie, however"—and at that moment the large dog closed with him.—Detroit Free Press.

—Far Advanced.—"A Henry county negro was discovered carrying a very large armful of books, which brought forth the inquiry: "Going to school?" "Yas, sar, boss." "Do you study all those books?" "No, sar, dey's my brudder's. Ise a ignorant kind er nigger side him, boss. Yer jest oughter see dat nigger figgerin'. He done gone an' ciphered clean through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, creation, amputation and adoption."—Atlanta Constitution.

TECHNICALLY STATED.

Her Objections were Too Intricate for Mr. Glaspy.

"You have no objection to me personally, Miss Feathercroft, I hope," remarked the young lady's somewhat elderly admirer.

"Why, Mr. Glaspy," she replied, "you are not acting as a proxy for some other man, are you?"

"As a proxy? Do I understand you correctly, Miss Feathercroft. As a proxy for some other man? Certainly not."

"In asking me to be your wife you meant yours, individually, did you not."

"I certainly did."

"Then my objections to marrying you, Mr. Glaspy, must have some personal application to yourself, must they not?"

"Of course, but—"

"Very good. Let us dispose of this point first. You asked me to marry you. I declined. You inquired whether I had any objections to you personally. I asked you in reply if you were acting as agent for some other man. You said you were not. Now, then, if the fact be considered established that you wish me to marry you and I refuse to do so, it follows inexorably that my refusal is based on the fact that it is you, yourself, whom I do not wish to marry. Do you follow me?"

"I—I think I do," said Mr. Glaspy, somewhat bewildered, "but—"

"One moment. Observe, now, that this refusal has nothing to do with any other man. Hence, whatever reasons I may have for not wishing to marry you apply to you personally, and nobody else. Therefore they are personal to yourself. Is that entirely clear in your mind?"

"Why, yes," gasped the discomfited Mr. Glaspy, helplessly, "but still—"

"Hence, it must be apparent to you," she proceeded, raising her voice, pointing her finger at him argumentatively, and following his now retreating form around the room, "it must be apparent to you that I do have some objections to you personally, and your question, or, rather, your assumption, to characterize it more accurately, was founded on a manifest misconception. I proceed now to give some of my objections. Firstly——"

"You needn't, Miss Feathercroft!" exclaimed Mr. Glaspy, recovering himself. "You needn't proceed to state the objections. I'm glad you've got objections!" he went on, firmly grasping his hat. "But for those objections I might have been by this time the promised husband of a walking rhetoric and female Demosthenes! Thank Heaven for the objections! I have the honor, madam, to congratulate myself on escaping a horrible fate and to wish you a very good evening!"—Chicago Tribune.

Falcons as Letter-Carriers.

A Russian lieutenant, M. Smoiloff, has succeeded in training falcons for carrying dispatches. They have many advantages over pigeons; they can carry more, fly faster and are exposed to fewer dangers. In his interesting volume, "La Fauconnerie au moyen age et dans les tems modernes," M. d'Aubusson cites instances of their employment for this purpose. Among others that of a falcon which traveled from the Canaries to the Duc de Lermes in Spain, returning from Andalusia to Tenerife, a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues in sixteen hours.—La Nature.

TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

(This department aims to give everybody's ideas about taxation (not tariff). Write your opinions briefly, and they will be published or discussed in their turn by the editor or by a member of the Taxation Society. Address, "Taxation Society," this office or P. O. Box 88, Buffalo, N. Y.)

Old Conundrums Answered.

TAXATION SOCIETY EDITOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir:—I read some of your tax reform and notice that you are always talking about driving capital out of the state by taxing it. What I want to know is, where will that capital go? And if capital was taxed in every state would it not help the farmers by making their tax rate lower? By answering this you will oblige,

HENRY E. FOSTER,
Sidney, N. Y.

REPLY.

These questions are frequently asked by farmers who think that they would be benefitted by a tax system under which all forms of capital would be taxed. Every intelligent citizen knows that if there are two towns with the same natural advantages for trade and manufacturing, but with a difference in the rate of taxation, the one with the lowest taxes will increase much faster in wealth and population. Yet in spite of this fact there are still doubters who can not see that what is true of a town is also, true of a state. Capital is coming here every day; if you tax it here, it will stop coming, even if it has to stay where it is now.

The answer to the question, "where will capital go if driven from the state by higher taxation?" is: "Wherever it can earn higher interest than can be obtained here." Already there are hundreds of millions of New York state capital invested in southern mines and railroads; in western farms, and northwestern timber lands. In sending it to these sections of the country its owners no doubt acted wisely. But it can not be denied there is need of all that capital for investment in the manufacturing and farming industries of this state, nor that a large proportion of it would have remained here if it had been entirely exempt from taxation.

"But," the farmer might reply, "if every state in the union had the same system capital would not leave the state because it was taxed." Possibly not; but the injury to the general prosperity of the people would be the same. Capital is produced, saved and invested, because its owner expects to derive a revenue from it. If that revenue is decreased one or two per cent. annually, there is just so much less inducement for accumulating and investing capital. Less capital means less factories, and therefore less consumption of farm produce, and higher prices for manufactured goods. It also means higher interest on farm mortgages, thus preventing the farmer from securing loans at moderate rates for the purpose of increasing the productive capacity of his farm.

It is estimated that there is now about one thousand millions of foreign capital invested in America. Many hundreds of millions would come here if they were untaxed. Would it not benefit our farmers and workingmen if capital was cheaper and more abundant? Do we not want all the foreign and home capital that we can get? And is there any better way to bring or keep it here, than to free it from taxation?—Taxation Society Editor.

Monkeying With Taxation.

When the "Greatest Show on Earth" was in winter quarters at Bridgeport, a few years ago, a number of monkeys were confined to a large circular cage in the center of one of the animal houses. To prevent constant fighting between the quarrelsome family, the cage was divided by wire partitions into some twenty small compartments. When the daily rations were distributed it was noticed that instead of eating his own portion each monkey would thrust his hand through the wire and filch as much as he could reach from his neighbor's dish. The result was a great deal biting and scratching; considerable food was scattered and wasted; and since, while one monkey was stealing, another was robbing him, the result of their dishonesty was a loss all around.

Believers in Darwinian theory of the origin of species will probably find confirmation of their views in the recommendations in favor of a stringent "listing law" for collecting taxes on personal property under oath. The notion that the general wealth of this state can be increased by setting a greater number of assessors to work with a system of spies and penalties for failure to make returns of property to tax everybody on their intangible property, is worthy of our Simian kindred.

Suppose that the "listing law" is passed. While the farmer, whom it advocates, pretend to be anxious to benefit, was getting a little more taxes from the merchant or the capitalist who is so wicked as to save money and loan it out on mortgages, the latter would shift the tax by charging a slightly higher price for their goods, or higher interest on the mortgage. And the greatly increased cost of assessing and collecting taxes would probably soon convince everyone that systems of taxation founded on a supposed antagonism of interest between real estate and personal property owners were wasteful and injurious.—N. Y. Sun.

All in the Tax Bills.

Leaving the criminal class entirely out of the question, though they furnish the occasion for a very large share of the whole taxation, the pauper class, including the deaf and dumb, blind, insane, etc,, as well as the tramps, vagrants, and the alms-taker in the ordinary sense, cost the people of the United States more than one hundred millions of dollars every year, according to the estimate of Prof. R. T. Ely, which, however, seeme too low, as he places the number in the pauper classes at three million.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A Paper Called

Justice demands the taking by taxation of all the rental value of land, exclusive of improvements, and paying therewith all expenses of local, state and national government. Thus land, losing its value to the speculator, will be available to the user, and until the earth is exhausted no one willing to work will be condemned to the poverty, crime and misery which result from idleness.

TAKE the annual rental value of land for taxes, thus relieving all improvements, regardless of their value.—St. Louis Chronicle.

Home Rule For Americans.

Most of us favor home rule for Ireland. Many of us spend money and time in agitating for this needed reform there, but how few even of the latter reflect that we have not home rule here, and that there is no nation on earth in greater need of it than ours.

Irish wrongs and Irish evictions, the corruption of her rulers, the brutality of her police, are tales familiar to our ears, and there can be no question that home rule would make their correction easier, but it is equally true that there are injuries from which we ourselves are daily suffering, and that our cure, too, must come through home rule. To those who are satisfied with condemning effects without seeking causes or cures, it may be news that all our great cities fall short of the measure of home rule necessary for good government.

The people of Ireland are not so helpless in the imperial parliament of the United Kingdom as are the people of even the greatest of our American cities in the state legislatures. Nor are the cities either the only or the greatest sufferers. Like a two-edged knife, corruption cuts both ways, and combinations are formed by which rural legislators may betray their constituents without fear of detection or punishment. Give to each locality the absolute control of local matters, especially in the all-important matter of taxation, and bargains and deals will dissolve like mists before the morning sun, and corruption in politics die with the cause that bore and nourishes it.—From "Tax Reform," Chestertown, Md.

Taxation and Science.

This is an age of science. We credit the inventions and discoveries of the century to the scientific spirit in which great questions are studied. Among the great majority of mankind the opinion of the trained specialist is received as authority on his particular subject. Yet when it comes to the question of taxation, surely as difficult and intricate as any of the sciences, it is generally believed that the crude schemes and systems adopted hundreds of years ago, are now urged by men who have devoted no time to the study of the subject, are the perfection of wisdom.

A little more thought would prevent a great deal of nonsense being thrust upon the public as "the science of taxation." What kind of science is that which advocates fining the men who improve their real estate? Which puts a premium on idleness? Which discourages thrift and industry? Which holds wealth ("good things") to be an evil? Which encourages men to keep valuable land vacant and unused? Which taxes capital invested in farming or manufacturing industries?

Would not the real science of taxation be the exact opposite of such systems?

Prize Guessing Contest.

A recruit in the army found that his blanket was too short, and that in consequence his first night in camp was spent with cold feet. Next day he carefully cut a wide strip from the top of the blanket and sewed it to the bottom. He was greatly surprised when he found that the blanket was shorter than at first to the extent of the cloth used in the seam.

A farmer who found that the income from his land was not enough to support his family and pay taxes and interest on a mortgage, got a law passed which taxed the mortgage. When the mortgage was foreclosed and he was compelled to borrow money at a higher rate of interest than he had formerly paid, he began to wonder how much he had improved his condition.

A prize of one year's subscription to Tax Reform will be given to everyone who correctly guesses whether the soldier or farmer was the wisest.

Opposed to Taxes on Medicines.

For the purpose of starting an international movement for the abolition of taxes on medicines and alcohol used in the trade, S. M. Burroughs, of Burroughs, Welcome & Co., London, England; gave a dinner followed by discussion in the rooms of the Fulton club, the other evening.

Those present were Henry George, St. John Leavens, Percy Collinwood, of London; James Hartford, Elijah Mallory, T. C. Stratton, V. W. Lawrence, Theodore Ricksecker, the perfume maker; Samuel Heitaku, Dr. W. Mendelson, A. H. Hall, of Hall & Ruckel; C. A. Mayo, Dr. G. W. Grant, of London; A. H. Mason, R. T. Fairchild, W. R. Janvier, C. H. Royce, Edward M. Johnson, James Foley and A. J. Steers.

There was scarcely a dissentient voice in the debate. The object of the meeting was not to organize at present, but to create favorable sentiment.

THE report of the jury on the value of the properties to be taken for the new mint site in Philadelphia furnishes another illustration of the negligence, or willful lawlessness of boards of revision of Texas.

The real estate to be taken is held by twenty-eight owners, and for the sake of comparison I give these figures of the different valuations in round numbers:

Assessors' valuation...	$	550,000.00
Owner's	" ...	1,365,000.00
Jury's	" ...	929,000.00

These figures show that according to the sworn statements of the owners these properties are only assessed at 45 per cent of their real value. Or if we go by the award of the jury they are only assessed 59 per cent of their value. In either case the claim of the board of revision that real estate in this city is assessed at 80 per cent of its true value is proven false. The law says that real estate must be assessed at its full value.

Then how can we tax wealth outside the state?

In 2 Mor. Corp. Sec. 959, in this language: It is a fundamental principle that the laws of a state can have no binding force, proprio vigore, outside of the territorial limits and jurisdiction of the state enacting them.

The wealth of a great city does not mostly come from the city. It comes to it, it is not produced there. A city is a reservoir to which money and merchandise flow only to be redistributed.

If by taxation in the city you keep the water from flowing in or make it hard to store it there; or if by taxation in the country you diminish the supply there will be water famine and panic.

R. H.

IF taxing whisky makes whisky harder to get, should we tax houses to make them harder to get also?